THE

Wandring-Whores

COMPLAINT for want of *TRADING.*

WHEREIN

The Cabinet of her iniquity is unlockt and all her Secrets laid open, in a merry discourse between

Jezebel, the Crafty Bawd,
Ruth, the Buttock,
Two noble *Culls*
Isbel the *Wandring-whore*,

Gusmond a valiant *Hector*,
Pimp VVhiskin,
And,
Hazzard a *Grand Cheat*.

BODLEIANA BIBLIOTHECA

ALSO,

A full discovery of the whole Trade of Pads

Pimps, Cheats, Trappans, Hectors, Bawds, Whores, Fyles, Culls, Mobs, Budges, Shop-lifts, Glasiers, Mills, Bulkers, Kid-nappers, Thief-catchers, and all other Artists, who are, and have been Students of *Whittington* COLLEDGE.

Published by Merc. Dem. *for the right-understanding of all the mad-merry-people in* Great Bedlam.

LONDON, Printed for *J. Jones*, 1663.

THE VVandring-Whores Complaint for want of TRADE.

Worfall

Jezebel the Crafty Bawd.

HOneſt *Iſbel*, whether away ſo faſt this Moon-ſhine night?

Wandr.-wh. Efaith I'me wandring abroad towards the old walk in *Moor-fields*, where I hope to meet with a noble *Cull* to revive my dull ſences, for the deadneſs of trade is enough to kill a gentlewoman of my quality; and indeed I have good reaſon to make my randezvouz there too night, in regard that I dare not be ſeen in *Cheap-ſide* where I bit a *Scout* laſt night, ſo that I fear the *Cull* will ſet his *Watch* ſo right this night, as I may kiſs the *Naskin*, but Ile prevent that by my abſence.

Bawd. Come *Iſbel*, take my Counſel and I'le ſecure the for a half-penny, and help thee to a good prize too; for I have two noble *Culs* to come to my houſe this night, they want no Coal, your time wont be loſt, for I have *Guſmond* a valiant Hector, hee'l make up the bargain for your profit and mine too, ſo you can play the Aſtrologer and get your living by falling backwards.

Wand.-wh. Marry I have us'd that Trade ever ſince I came into the teene's, and I ſhall willingly ſerve you ſo my Siſter *Ruth* will go home with us.

Ruth. Who I, Efaith I care not for being hous'd, if the Watch come there's no ſecurity; I love liberty, and had rather wander in my old walk, if I meet a *Cull* in *Moor-fields*, I can give him leave to dive in my Placket whilſt I Fyle his Cly, at which work my fingers are as nimble as an Eele, and if the *Cull* ſhould diſcover, I have room to pike off without danger, then what need I expoſe my ſelf to the mercy of mercinary Halbertiers.

Bawd. Come *Iſbel*, if ſhe wont go, let's away, for it's full time. the *Culls* are juſt come they call for company, up ſtaires with all celerity that may be.

Wand.-wh. Gentlemen you are welcome, and I am informed you want an attendant.

Cully. Lady, you are the perſon on whom we fix our deſires, and hope you'le be merry with us.

Wand.-wh. I am ready at your command, and hope I ſhall be able to anſwer your expectation.

Culls. Madam, we are younger Brothers, I hope you underſtand our meanings.

Wand.-wh. Your baſhfulneſs makes me bolder than ordinary, but I hope you'l excuſe that, and accept of my ſervice, who am willing to pleaſure you in what ſhall beſt ſatisfy your deſires.

Culls. Do ſo girle, and gold or ſilver ſhall be too little to requite your alacrity.

Bawd. Pimp. away to the dore, ſtand on your guard, ſee no body comes to interrupt the gentlemen.

Pimp. I'le run, go, trot, gallop with all ſpeed, and give notice upon the leaſt occaſion, with all faithfulneſs that poor *Pimp* can attend the moſt renowned Bawd in *Europe*.

Cull. Lady my brother and I'le agree. Madam here's a piece for the firſt touch.

Wand.-wh. I proſtrate my ſelf at your feet as your lawful hired ſervant.

Pimp. Mris. Mris. they're juſt at it, for Mris. *Iſbel* has dropt the Bedſtaffe.

Bawd Guſmond away.

Guſmond. I'le be gone as ſwift as an Eagle. Zoons you Rogues, Raſcals inhumane Villains, what do you mean? will you raviſh my wife; I'le ſacrifice the ſoul of one of you to infernall darkneſſe.

By

By this Marſhal hand, if my paſſion will give me leave to guide this fatal weapon, Ile ſacrafice thy lecherous body upon this bed of thy unparelell'd Luſt.

Cull. Good Sir be patient, this hub ub may ſtain our reputation for ever, we're men of quality, and will give you better ſatisfaction then the Law will afford for the fact.

Guſm. Nothing but your life will allay my fury, blood is better to me then Gold, and revenge muſt be the Antidote for my paſſion.

Cull. Here Noble Sir, pitty our condition, take this bag, you ſhall have bond for as much more before we part.

Guſm. Come, give me the bag; now your bond with the day of payment exactly drawn and ſeal'd by you both, provided you never ſpeak of it to ſtain my Credit, and the honeſty of my Wife, whom you would have inhumanly raviſhed.

Cull. Here Sir, take this bond by which you ſhall receive 50 pound more the next week, and ſo thanking you for your Civility, farewell.

Guſm. Now *Iſbel*, I think I have done the feat exactly.

Wand. Who. Ifaith thou haſt, and I think I have plaid my part, ſo did *Whiskin* too; for as ſoon as I dropt the Bed-ſtaff, he run, and gave you notice, no rogue in the world could have Pimpt better, give him a Slat for his induſtry.

Pimb. This half Crown will make me more diligent; though I get a kick now and than, I do not always looſe my labour.

Bawd, *You have done this feat well, and I'le requite,*
Your ſervice be it either day or night.

Ruth. How do you now Mother?

Bawd. Very well, your abſence did not ſpoyle my Trade; but how thriv'd you laſt night in your walk:

Ruth. Marry narrowly I made an eſcape from ſome Halberdiers', who purſued me, but *I* pikt off too nimbly for them, otherwiſe I had been in the *Naskin*. But this morning I turn'd Semſtreſs, went to a Linnen-Drapers, and cheapned ſeveral ſorts of Linnen, but lik'd none till my Maid *Kate* lifted away 20 yards of pure Holland, ſo that ſometimes the ſhop-lift helps me off, when the Buttock and Fyle fails me.

Bawd. If you'd be rul'd by me, you need not Trade in fear, for Ile provide *Culls* enow, I know you're as good at the Fyle as *Iſbel*, I and the Buttock too.

Hellw.

Hector. And I can serve for a husband to her (if she meet a rich *Cull*) as well as I did to *Isbel*.

Ruth. You a husband to me! Marry I have honest *Hazzard* a noble soul that never fails, hee's just now coming. Welcome my dearest *Hazzard*. How thrives it with thee?

Hazzard. Efaith I met with a Country Hick, and steping before him, I dropt a *Jacobus*, and taking it up, he cry'd half, and going into a Taverne to share it, my Comrade *Will* came in, where drinking a pint of Wine, I planted a pack of Cards, *Will* took them up and the Hick agreed to play for the whole piece, and *Will* betting on his head, drill'd him on till he had left 50 pound of his own mony, so that we made a meer Mouth of him, and honest *Ruth* here', ten pound to buy the a silk Gown.

Wand.-wh. Your Trade goes on well sister, there's no fear of want where such a friend is as *Hazzard*. But for my part I may wander up and down day and night, and hardly pick up a *Dick* worth a groat; Trading is so dead, that a Womans ware is hardly worth the whistling after. The *Coffee-houses* have dry'd up all our Customers like Spunges, Lust and Leachery were never in lesse repute than since that liquor came up; Besides, there is so many privat Whores that a common wandring whore can get no imployment; but I'le be as private as the best, If the crafty Bawd assist me.

Bawd. I hope you have gain'd somewhat by the last bout, and if youl'e be rul'd by me, you shall have such a free Trade as you'le need no night-walking.

Wand.-wh. I confesse I had gain sufficient by the last job, though not comparable to my old Trade; for then I had no need to accept of Journey-work, if a *Cull* had but a kisse 'twas half a Crown, to touch the hem of my smock a Crown, for feeling 10 shillings, if he entred the *Antipodes*, two pieces of Gold, besides expences in Wine and variety of Belly-timber.

Ruth. Sister *Isbel* you speak of my gain, but not of my losse; for the other night I met with a Carrot-pated *Cull*, who accompanyed me to the Taverne, where we had Cony, Capon and store of Wine, but at last he pretended to go to the house *ex officio*, (I not doubting his fidelity in the least, in regard he was finish of Coal) and he like a villain pik'd off, so that I was forc'd to leave my silver-lac'd petty-coat for the reckoning.

But if I meet again this poyſned Fox
I'le quit that ſcore, and pay him with a P----

Wand.-wh. *Such bargains you may bear, but I am poore,*
And little get, though call'd the Wandring-whore;
Yet one that ſerv'd me ſo, did dearly pay,
For with a P--- *I ſent the* Cull *away.*

Ruth. But to make an end of our diſcourſe, what newes doſt thou hear from the *Whit.*

Wand-wh. Truly I hear there is a very full Colledge of our Trade as well as common Thieves; and one of them who is become a convert, hath made a ſong that diſcovers all the Arts of thoſe workemen who are brethren of our ſociety.

Ruth. Prethee ſiſter if thou canſt ſing it let me hear it.

Wand-wh. I can and will to pleaſure thee, and ſo wee'l conclude our diſcourſe till we meet again.

GOod people give ear whilſt a ſtory I tell
Of twenty black Tradeſmen were brought up in Hell,
On purpoſe poor Tradeſmen to rob of their due
There's none ſhall be Nuc'd if you find but one true.
The firſt was a Coyner that ſtampt in a mold,
The ſecond a voucher to put off the gold,
Then hark well, and mark well ſee what will befall
they are twenty ſworn brethren Tradeſmen all.

The third was a Padder who fell to decay,
And he for his living took to the high way;
The fourth was a Mill-Ken to crack up a dore,
Hee'l venter to rob both the rich and the poor.
The fifth was a Glaſier, who when he creeps in,
To take all the Lurrys he thinks it no ſin.
Hark well, &c.

The ſixth was a Fyle-Cly, that not one Hick *ſpares,*
And the ſeventh was a Budg to track up the ſtaires,
The eighth was a Bulk, that can Bulk any Hick,
If the Maſter be napt, then the Bulk he is ſick.

The

The ninth was a Giany to lift up a grate
If he sees but a Lurry with's stick he will hat
Hark well, &c.
The tenth is a Shop-lift *that carrys a bob*
Whe he ranges the City the Shops for to rob.
The eleventh's a Trappan, *if a* Cull *he doth meet,*
He naps all his Cole and turns him i'th street.
The thirteenth a Fambler *false Rings for to sell*
When a Mob *he has bit, his Cole he will tell.*
Hark well, &c.
The fourteenth a Gamster, *if he sees a* Hick *sweet*
He presently drops down a Cog in the street.
The fifteenth a Parder *whose courage is small*
If they catch him horse coursing hee's Nuced for all.
The sixteenth a Sheep-napper *who trades so deep,*
If hee's caught in the Corn, hee's marks for a Sheep.
Hark well, &c.
The nineteenth a Donnaker *that will make vows*
To go in the Country and steal all the Cows.
The eighteenth a Kid-napper *spirits young-men*
Though he tipt them the pikes they've napt him again,
The nineteenth a Bayly *that carrys a Writ,*
Who sometimes is charged with Fork and with Spit,
Hark well, &c.
The twenty's a Thief-catcher *so we him call*
If he nap a poor Tradesman, he pays for all.
These may a poor Convert confess to his grief
Are all the black Trades of a gentleman Thief,
Who (though a good workman) is seldom made free
Till he rides in a Cart to be Nuc'd on a Tree.
Then hark well, and mark well, see what doth befall,
Here's the end of these twenty sworn brethren all.

Wrosfall

FINIS.